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A SHORT
NARRATIVE
OF THE
Life and Actions
OF HIS GRACE *Chumhill*
K
JOHN,
D. of Marlborough,
FROM THE
Beginning of the REVOLUTION,
to this present Time.
WITH SOME
REMARKS ON his CONDUCT.

By an Old Officer in the Army.

L O N D O N,
Printed for JOHN BAKER, at the Black-Boy
in Pater-noster-Row, 1711.

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John, Duke of Marlborough.

SEEING the Press is open, and every
body dares Write and Publish what
he pleases, and Persons of the highest
Honour and Virtue, to the great
Shame and Scandal of our Country, are ex-
pos'd to the World, in base Pamphlets; and
according to the Malice or Misunderstand-
ing of the Authors, are represented to the
World unworthy of the Favour of the
Prince, as well as Obnoxious to the Com-
mon-Wealth, in which they live : It becomes
every honest Man, who knows more of the
Matter, to set things in a true Light, to un-
deceive

deceive the People, as much as he is able, that they may be no longer impos'd on by such false Reports, which in the end may prove Dangerous and Fatal.

There is nothing new, saith Solomon, *under the Sun*; the same Causes will always produce the same Effects; and while Mankind bear about them, the various Passions of Love and Joy, Hatred and Grief, the cunning Engineer, that stands behind the Curtain, will influence and work these Passions according to his Malice, to the destruction of Persons of highest Worth.

I shall therefore give a *short Narrative* of the *Actions* of the most Illustrious *John Duke of Marlborough*, with some Reflections on them, that People may not wonder how it comes to pass, that such a Great Captain, equal no doubt to any in all Ages, considering the Powers whom he has Oppos'd, after all his Victories, should be represented in the publick Writings of the Town, as over-Honoured and over-Paid for all his past Services, and neglected and almost forgotten in the midst of all his Triumphs, and his Name almost lost from the Mouths of those People, who for several Years last past, and not many Months since, have been fill'd with his Praises,

The first time that I had the Honour of seeing *John, Earl of Marlborough*, (for so I shall call

call him till he was created a Duke) was at a place call'd *Judoigne* in *Brabant*, where our Army was Encamp'd, I think about three Months after the late King was Crown'd. He was sent over the King's Lieutenant, with the *British* Forces under his Command, which could then be spared for that Service. Our united Forces were Commanded in general, by the Old Prince *Waldeck*.

After several Marches, we came to the Confines of *Haynault*, within a League of a small Town call'd *Walcourt*, and on *St. Lewis's* Day, a Saint suppos'd to be prosperous to the *French* Nation, their Army, Commanded by *Marschal d'Humiers*, very betimes in the Morning, Marched to Attack us.

An *English* Colonel guarded a Pass towards the aforesaid little Town, to which the Enemy bent their Course; and being in Distress, was reliev'd by my Lord in Person, who ordred his Retreat to such an Advantage, that he flank'd the Enemy with perpetual Fire; and this was the first Cause that cool'd them in their Design of pushing our Army.

At his return, the Prince receiv'd him with a great deal of Satisfaction, and assured him that he would let the King know that he saw into the Art of a General more in one Day, than others do in a great many Years.

At

At the end of this Campaign, my Lord *Marlborough* was ordered, with half of the Forces under his Command, to Embark for *Ireland*; where I come to relate what he performed there: As soon as he arrived in the Harbour of *Kingsale*, having Landed his Forces, without the least loss of Time, Marched directly to the Fort or Citadel of that Place, which is a strong Fortification, and at that time, well provided with a good Garrison, and all things necessary for a strong Defence.

My Lord did not stand to use Forms with them, which might look like a Seige; but with a conquering Resolution, and perpetual Volleys, so terrified them, that they soon Surrendered.

And now at this Place it was where the Duke's Actions began to be Envied, and evil Reports touching his good Name and Reputation were industriously spread abroad; and I am apt to believe, such back-Friends as these will hardly leave him so long as he remains in the World.

There was a Ship at that time in the said Harbour, which 'twas reported had some Money on Board for paying of the Forces in these Parts; which Ship, by some untimely Accident, was blown up and lost; and presently after it was given out by some ill People there present with my Lord, and by

by them sent into *England* to their Party, that he had gotten the Money beforehand to himself, and that the Ship was destroyed by his Contrivance; that he had vast Sums of Money in *Holland*, and at *Venice*; nay, some went farther and affirmed, that he had settled a good Fund, upon Occasion, at *Constantinople*: And I am sure some such like Reports and palpable Falsities are continued on him to this very Day.

And now I suppose it could not be in this Year that the strong City of *Dunkirk* was to be betrayed by the Governour of it, and Surrendered to some of the King's Forces.

In the next Campaign in *Flanders*, the Old *Waldeck* was severely beaten by Duke *Luxembourg*, at the Battle of *Flerus*: We were only Six Battalions of *British* left in *Ghent*, under the Command of the then Brigadier *Talmach*: We had Orders to march, and to join the grand Army at least a Fortnight before the Fight happened; but as we were about to march out of the City, the City Gates were shut against us by the People of that Place, because we had no Money to pay our Quarters.

Mr. *Sizar*, whom my Lord brought over with him the Year before, was our Pay-Master General, and at this time was gone down into *Holland* to get some Money upon Credit, till our Supply was returned from

from *England*; and then I remember there was a barbarous Lie spread up and down among us, that our Money was kept in the Hands of Merchants by the contrivance of my Lord and Mr. *Sizar*, that they might reap such a particular Benefit, which could not be much, for the use of it.

Waldeck being beaten, the Elector of *Brandenbourg*, for supporting of him, was oblig'd by long Marches, to come and join us; after which, nothing more of Consequence happened this Year. And now I suppose it could not be in this Year that *Dunkirk* was to be given up to some party of the King's Forces; both his Majesty and my Lord *Marlborough* being absent from us, and we had no Marches towards that part of the Country, and good Reason for it, for we could not if we would.

I come now to our third Campaign, which was made in *Flanders*; and if ever *Dunkirk* was to be betrayed in some secret manner to the late King; and if ever the Secret thereof was reveal'd by his Majesty to the Earl of *Marlborough*; and if my Lord did reveal the same weighty Secret to his Wife; and if by her it was discovered to her Sister at *St. Germans*, and by her to the *French King*, it must be placed in this Year, or else it must be *extra anni solisque Vias*, the Lord knows when and where.

I am

I am sure that the pretended Discovery of this same Secret hath lain hard on my Lord's Name for a great many Years; and upon most Discourses of the Affairs in *Flanders*, that business of *Dunkirk* is trump'd up against my Lord to this very Day.

For as soon as this Story was sent abroad, it flew like Lightning, and like the sham tragical Report which was put upon the *Irish* at the Revolution, it was scattered over all the Kingdom in an instant. The loss of *Dunkirk* is not to be forgotten, and 'tis fresh in the Minds of the common People, both in Town and Country; and not only the Farmers over a Pot of Ale at Market, will shake their Heads at *Malbur*, (for so they call him) for losing of *Dunkirk*; but also Gentlemen of good Rank and Condition believe it to be true, and talk of it with a great deal of Regret to this very time. I don't pretend in this Narrative to Inform the great People at Court, concerning this thing; without doubt they very well know there was no great matter in this mighty Secret; but most of it a design to Disgrace my Lord *Marlborough*, that he might the more easily be turn'd out of his Places at Court and in the Army: I write this to the common People only; to vindicate the Innocent, and to undeceive a good part of the

Nation, who have not had an Opportunity to be better Informed.

This Summer then being our Third Campaign, the King came to the Army, and with Him my Lord *Marlborough*, and several other Persons of Quality: Among the rest was Count *Solmes*, a nigh Relation to his Majesty, and Colonel of the great Regiment of *Dutch Blue Guards*; and then it was after two or three Marches that my Lord was observ'd to be somewhat neglected, and his Interest in the Army to decay and cool; and upon a certain Morning, as we were in full March, a Man might judge by what then happened that it was so: For it seems the Count had ordered his Baggage and Sumpters to take Place of my Lord's, and to cut them out of the Line; of which Affront my Lord being inform'd by his Servants, soon found him out, and having caus'd his Baggage to enter the Post which was his due, with his Cane lifted up, and some hard Words in *French*, 'twas thought by a great many that it would end in a single Combat; but the Count thought fit to shear off, and we heard no more of it.

All this Summer was spent in a great many Marches after the *French*, to bring them to a Battle, but they Industriouslly and Artfully declin'd it. The Summer being spent, the King committed the Army again to
 Prince

Prince *Waldeck*, and went in hast to the *Hague*. Our Regiment was sent to Garrison at *Mechlen*, where came the *Dutch* Foot Guards to Winter also. Count *Solmes*, as he designed for *Holland*, took this City in his way, and there he assured a certain *English* Colonel, who not long before had been check'd by my Lord, about some Disorders in his Regiment, that the Earl of *Marlborough* had made his Peace with *France*, and in a short time he would hear, that he would be call'd to an Account for it.

When I went to *England* that same Winter, my Lord's Appartments were at the *Cock-pit*. 'Twas fine to see them full of Gentlemen and Officers of all Ranks, as they are now to be seen every Day at his Levee at *St. James's*; but no looner had my Lord *Sidney* brought him word from the King, that His Majesty had no farther Service for him in the Court, or in the Army, but my Lord was forsaken by all his Shadows, and his House left in a profound Silence.

Now a Person of my Lord's high Posts, especially having been so eminently instrumental in the Revolution, could not be well laid aside from all his Employments, without some Reasons were given to the People for it; and in a short time the pretended Reasons were produced, and they prevailed mightily.

The first was, That at the King's Levee at the putting on of the Shirt, my Lord should speak scornfully of the Person of the King, who at the same time having made a great Spitting (for his Majesty was a long time troubled with a Consumptive Cough) that my Lord should say to some Gentlemen nigh him, that *he wish'd it might be his last*.

As soon as this gross Affront was made known to the King, by a certain Party, who can calumniate stoutly, and blast as well as blacken, it was in a Moment all over the Court and Town; and 'tis a wonder my Lord was not torn in Pieces.

But now to the Truth of this Matter. My Lord has been always esteem'd a nice Courtier, well guarded in his Words, and one of the most Mannerly best-bred Men of the Nation; and no Man of Sense can believe that a Man of his Character could be so Indiscreet, as to drop such Words, which would be Barbarous and Brutal from the Mouth of a Porter, much more from the Lips of a Noble-Man and a General.

The other Reason was, That through his or his Lady's Treachery or Indiscretion, the contrivance about *Dunkirk* was discovered to the *French*, or else 'tis very probable it would have been in our Possession. And now to clear this Aspersion also.

Dunkirk

Dunkirk is suppos'd to be one of the strongest Fortresses of *Europe*, either by Sea or Land, the *French King*, by vast Labour, Art and Cost, having made it to be so, and accordingly regards it with a careful Eye, always keeping in it a good Garrison, with all manner of Plenty for the Defence of it. The next Garrisons of ours towards that Place, were *Bruges*, *Ostend*, and *Newport*, the highest is *Newport*, a small Fortress on the Sea, and about twenty Miles from *Dunkirk*; we had no Marches towards any of these Places all this Campaign, neither was it known that any Detachment was sent that way, either in Summer or Winter: Scarce less than a body of Three Thousand Men would suffice to secure that City if it were to be betrayed to them; now how such a Party could march over so many Canals, Morasses, and Trenches in that low Country, some part of the Enemy's, & most part of it their Friends, unobserved, and not look'd after, especially a Royal Army of theirs being at Hand, is not easie to be conceived by any Person who understands the Business of a Soldier. 'Tis a great Hazzard, a nice Difficulty for a *French Governour* to betray a strong City; unless all his Officers be in the Secret, and then 'tis wonderful, if by some one or other it is not revealed, or else he has with him in the Place several good Officers, who understand the Duty as well as himself, and

and very probable that one or more of them may have private Instructions to have an Eye upon him, and to keep him in View. Every one that has a Command, knows his Alarm Post, and every hour, Night and Day, the Majors, or their Aids, or some other Officers, go their Rounds upon the Walls all the Year long, in Places of so great Importance. As for the betraying of it to any Naval Forces, I suppose 'twas never thought on, unless the whole Garrison, with the Burghers, should give their Consent, and stand idly gazing on whilst the Ships were approaching: Indeed there was once a Design upon some Sea-port of this Garrison, to shake and shatter it with a Vessel, which was called for that purpose *The Terrible Machine*; it made a horrible Crack when it was Fired, and so the Engine and the Design vanish'd in Smoak.

But now admitting that all this was true, and that there was a Contrivance to put *Dunkirk* into our Hands, and the Plot was discovered, and the Governour was hang'd, (which upon strict Enquiry no one could tell whom he was, or when or where he was Executed) yet why must my Lord *Marlborough*, or his Lady, be the Betrayers of this weighty Secret? If it was for a good Reward, I suppose no one living can tell how, or when, or where it was paid. And what
great

great Services my Lord has done for the French King, for a great many Years to this very Day; let the World judge.

But to put all this Matter out of doubt, our most Gracious Sovereign Lady the QUEEN, who was then Princess, was at that time the best Judge of this Untruth cast upon them; for notwithstanding the high displeasure of the Court, she always gave them Umbrage and Protection, which without doubt she would not have done, unless she was thoroughly persuaded of their Innocence.

To be short, my Lord was a true Lover of the Interest of his Country, and a true Member of the Church of England; and most Places of State and Power were in the Hands of such Persons, who seem'd to depress the Fences of the Church, and favour the Dissenters, and their Favourers the Whigs: So 'twas not thought convenient that my Lord should be admitted into their Secrets; upon which they gave him a good Name, and turned him out.

My Lord was no sooner discharged of his Places, but like the old Roman Dictator, with the same calmness of Temper he retired from the highest Business of State, to his Villa in the Country; but he shew'd himself as skilful an Husband-Man, as he had been a Soldier: But here he could not long
enjoy

enjoy the Quiet which he sought, but the same Malice found him here, which had turn'd him from the Court; from hence he was taken and clap'd up into the *Tower*, where most of Friends thought he would have lost that Head, which has since done so much good to his Queen and Country.

And thus I have shew'd how very much my Lord has been obliged to the Whigs in those Days. The Jacobites at this time were not behind hand with him in their good Wishes, but all they could do, was to Rail and call Names, and so promise their good Nature, when 'twas in their Power.

The King, who was certainly an able Judge of Men, had never time enough to be acquainted with the excellent Merits of this Noble Lord, but he was blasted by his Enemies, before his Virtues were sufficiently made known to Him.

But when several great Men, who were true Lovers of their Country, had fully inform'd his Majesty, that my Lord was always his most faithful Servant and Subject, and most willing to serve Him to the utmost of his Power; and that 'twas pity such an able Man should be laid by as useless and forgotten: My Lord was brought again to the King's nearer Conversation; and after the late Peace, as his Majesty found himself decaying

caying in his Health, and the *French* King dealing more and more every Day insincerely with him, and his Allies, he chose him again his General, and his Ambassador to the States; and having brought him to *Holland*, that he might be fully instructed in all the necessary Affairs of both Nations, he recommended him to his Successor, our most Gracious QUEEN, as the only fit Person, whose Spirit might encounter the Genius of *France*, and strangle their Designs of swallowing *Europe*.

No sooner had our Sovereign Lady Queen ANNE mounted the Throne, but in concert with her High Allies, she proclaim'd War against *France*; and having created my Lord, Duke of *Marlborough*, she sent him her Plenipotentiary into *Holland* to the States, and Captain General of Her Forces; and I am sure a great many Officers who had serv'd under him in the former War, were glad to see him once more at the Head of an Army.

In the beginning of this first Year of the War, the *French* Army, under the Conduct of *Marschal Boufflers*, was a little beforehand with us, and came into the Field stronger than ours; some Troops of the Allies having not yet join'd us. The *French* had coop'd up our Army under the Walls of *Nimeguen*, and much ado we had, by frequent Skirmishes, to hinder them from investing that considerable Frontier, at that time unprovided by the neglect of the Governour, as 'tis reported, of all warlike

Necessaries for the Defence of it. A Man might then see but an indifferent Ayre in the face of our Forces: The States were under great Apprehensions, least the Enemy should penetrate into their Country; and nothing could recover them from their Fears, till his Grace, after three or four Days, had join'd our Army with some additional Troops; upon his Approach we had immediately a new Scene of Affairs; each Soldier seem'd to receive a new Life by the Cheerfulness of their Officers; and he presently assured the Deputies of the States, that the *French* should be no longer their bad Neighbours, but he would oblige them to March farther off that Country, and that with a Witness. They were like People in a Trance, and could hardly believe that their Affairs had receiv'd so happy a turn; accordingly we march'd, and having passed the *Maes*, Coasted along that side of *Brabant*, which lies towards that River, towards the open Country of *Mastricht* and *Luickland*, and not long after, almost in Sight of their Army, we opened that noble River, to the great Benefit of the Trade of the Country, having taken from the *French* the Fortresses of *Stochum*, of *Stevenswaert*, of *Ruremond*, and *Venlo*, and at last the strong Cittadel and City of *Liege*, with a vast quantity of Cannon and Prisoners; the *French* not daring to relieve any of them by venturing a Battle.

In

In this Campaign our General shew'd himself a true Master of his Art, having outdone the *French* Mareschal in every March. When he came into *Holland*, he was receiv'd into their Cities, as their Tutelar Angel, and their own Generals came to thank him for this happy Campaign, without any sign of Envy.

When he returned to *England*, he was well receiv'd by the Queen his Mistress, and with the Joy of all good People; but then there was some allay to this good Fortune, several People were heard to Grumble, that after this Manner we should not get to *Paris* in a long time, and a Speech was Printed, as if a Peer of the Realm had been the Author of it, with some ironical Touches on the Duke, about raising the ancient Valour of the Nation; and that 'twas unreasonable, that one Man should have a *King-Key*, which should open every Door in the Nation.

About this time also Pamphlets began to fly, much reflecting on the Countess of *Marlborough*, which I think have not ceas'd, but very much increased against her every Year, to this very Day. I never had the Honour to see that Lady, but once at the *Hague*; she was there with her Husband, the last time our late King was in that Country; and it was a common Report, at that Court, among a great many Gentlemen of very good Quality, that she was esteemed there among the Foreign Ladies, one of the

best bred Women of her Age ; and here are Ladies from most Courts of *Europe*, who, without doubt, are the nicest Judges : But to be sure here at home they give her Name very poor Quarters, and make her guilty of more Folly, than a Retainer to the College in *Moor-Fields*.

It will be too long for me to set down the particular Victories of every Campaign, and I hope no need of it ; because 'tis probable they are fresh in the Memory of every good Subject. His wonderful and conquering March to the Banks of the *Danube* ; His artful Passing the *French* Lines, purely owing to his own good Conduct ; His Beating each one of the *French* Great Marshals round in their Turns, in several well fought Battles : A People, who for an Age had bullied the rest of *Europe*, and had taught other Nations the Art and Tactics of War, as well as their Modes and Language : Their Captiv'd Generals and Conquered Towns, perhaps the Strongest in the Universe, demonstrate not only his Wisdom, Skill and Conduct, but also his surmounting Courage, and unwearied Labour.

And now at first View a Man might wonder how it should come to pass that such a Renown'd General, after so many Signal Services, and great Actions, for the good of his Country, should be so undervalued and slighted at his return home from the very middle of his Labours, by any one who pretends

to value the good of his Nation: But this is no new Thing, all the Histories of the World are full of Examples to this purpose, and most of them of Men of War and Great Captains.

Sir Walter Raleigh has mustered up a long Roll of Glorious Sufferers, from the most ancient to his own Times; and in the Condition in which he then was, might have brought in himself for a remarkable Sharer. For the most eminent Virtues are but as so many fair Marks set up on high for Envy to shoot at with her poysonous Darts, and in all States, 'tis sometimes dangerous to be Great and Good, for cunning Envy is often very strong, and when once its Devices are effectually spread in the Mouths of the Multitude, will produce a Blast able to blow down the most lofty Cedar: 'Tis therefore for the good of the common People of the Nation, that I shall let them see the scandalous Reflections which are scattered abroad on the Honour of the Duke of *Marlborough*; and when I have shewn to any rational Man that they are all False, Unreasonable, and Malicious, I have my End.

The first Scandal that is put abroad upon his Grace is this: That he has avoided several Opportunities of Fighting, not considering the great burden of Taxes that lies upon the Naion, because the War should be continued longer, whereby he may increase his Riches, and keep up his Power. Now how false this Report is, will easily appear,

For

For the Business of Peace and War does not depend on a General: 'Tis the Business of his Monarch, who best knows the proper times for such Treaties. Other Princes are concern'd in the War, as well as ours, and their Subjects are as desirous of Peace as any of us can be, yet this Peace can't well be obtain'd without a joint Consent; but if the Enemy against whom we Fight, will not come to any terms of Peace that are Reasonable, and Honourable, and Just, and upon which the War is founded, but in his pretended Treaties, chicanes and falsities, and is altogether Insincere, then 'tis not the General's Fault if we can't have Peace; we are in for the War, and we must stand to it.

Indeed in the last dear Year of Corn, *France* was almost reduced to their last Shifts; their Sufferings could be call'd little less than a Famine, and most of the Powers of *Europe* did really believe that they must have sued for a Peace, if they had not been assisted; but whilst the Circumstances of this Peace were in Agitation, then did the good People of Great *Britain* and *Ireland*, the north part of them to *Burgundy*, and *Champaign*, by way of *Holland*, thro' the *Maes*; and the South Part of them from *Dunkirk* and *Calais* over-against *Kent*, beyond the Mouth of the *Gar-roon* on the Western Ocean, supply that Country with vast quantities of Corn, almost to the starving of their own People. Not one of them cried out for Peace, or blam'd the General, their Pockets being well fill'd;
But

But swore in the Markets, over plentiful Napp^y, that in a short time they would pull old *Lewis* out of his Throne.

As for our Generals avoiding Fighting, 'tis easie to guess out of what Quiver this Arrow of Scandal was drawn; for without doubt 'twas forg'd in his own Army; and seeing the *Roman* History is now much in Fashion, I shall give an Example, as an Answer to this Scandal, and without doubt 'tis home to the Purpose. *Haniball* had beaten the *Romans* in three great Battles of *Ticinum*, *Trebia*, and *Thrasymene*: 'Twas his Business to Fight the *Romans* wherever he could come at them; his Army being compounded of rough old Mercenary Soldiers of divers Nations, who are ready to Mutiny and Desert upon all Occasions, if they have not present Pay or continual Plunder; in this Extremity the old *Fabius* was chosen Dictator, or supreme Commander; he was a good Man of War, and understood his Business; and for his Lieutenant, or Master of the Horse, which among them was all one, he chose one *Minutius*, the worst thing that ever he did; because in a short time he found him to be an Ungrateful, Conceited, Hot-headed Accuser. *Fabius* with great skill and caution avoided Battle by Coasting *Hanibal* on the sides of Hills in rough Ground, by Woods and Rivers, and hard Passes; because much inferior in Horse to the *Carthaginian*; and thereby gain'd time to confirm the Hearts of his Soldiers, and so make them capable by

degrees to look the Enemy in the Face. *Hanibal* soon found that by no means he could draw in this wary old *Gamester*, but declar'd, that he fear'd nothing more than that Clowd which hung about the Hill Tops, lest some time or other it should fall down and severely wet him. Winter coming on, and the Dictator being obliged to return home about some other Affairs; He left his Army to the Care of this Master of the Horse, with a strict charge to shun Fighting with all possible Care, and to follow the Example which he had set before him: He was proud of this Opportunity of Commanding the Army, and believ'd himself the best and the ablest Man for it; he procur'd to have his Courage magnified at home among the common People, and that if he had a Command equal to the Captain General, he would soon give a better Account of *Hanibal* and his Army; that *Fabius* was afraid to look towards his Enemy, and thereby disheartned the Soldiers, who were otherwise naturally Brave; and by his Fearfulness suffered these Barbarians to Ravage in their Country, to their Ruine and Destruction. The Tribunes of the People, not much better than Captains of the Mob, were his particular Friends, and they complaining to the Senate, every where gave it out, that after this manner of *Fabius* his going on, the War would never have an end, that the City would be undone by perpetual Taxes; that all Trade was ceas'd, and nothing to be seen among the Commons, but a sad Prospect of growing Poverty. The

The Senate was wearied out by these Factioned Importunities, till at last 'twas granted, that the Master of the Horse should have equal Command with that Great Man who would preserve them from Ruine. Accordingly he receiv'd half of the Army to be under his Charge, by a Lot, for *Fabius* would not endure, because he foresaw what would come to pass, that it shou'd be in his Power, for one Day, to command the whole. *Minutius*, forsooth, to show his Bravery, march'd nearer to the Enemy. *Hannibal* had laid a Train for the Hotspur, and soon caught him; and both he and his Army had been soon cut to pieces if the Old General, not permitting private Revenge to interfere with the good of his Country, had not drawn down in very good Order, repuls'd the Ambush, and secur'd his Retreat. The best thing that *Minutius* cou'd do, was to beg Pardon for his Fault, and promise more regard to his Superiors for the future. So that you see 'tis the Experienc'd, Skilful, Old General who is best Judge of times of Fighting; and that Man who asperges his Honour is to be suspected as either wanting Judgment, or an Enemy to the Publick.

Another Scandal was lately rais'd against his Grace, as touching his good Conduct and Skill, as he is a General; and this is much among those sort of People, whose Mouths go off smartly with a Whiff of Tobacco, and fight Battles, and take Towns over a Dish of Coffee. They give out, like Men of great Understanding in the Art Military, that the Duke is more beholding to his Good-Fortune than his Skill, in the Advantages he has gain'd over the *French*; and that he may thank the Prince of *Savoy*, and the good Forces which he Commands, more than his own Skill in War, for his great Reputation.

The Good-Fortune of His Grace ought to be attributed to the good Providence of GOD, for which, both he and the whole Nation ought to be thankful. 'Tis a great Happiness to have such a Fortunate General; and, without doubt, the *French* King would purchase such another at any rate, if he could.

But then, *Nullum numen abest, si sit Prudentia*. The General that is Prudent, and Vigilant, and Temperate, Alert, and Industrious, with an humble Submission to the Will of the Almighty, takes the right way of obliging Fortune to be of his Side: Or, to speak better, the Blessings of Heaven to crown his Endeavours:

For

For in War 'tis seldom known, (quite contrary to the Old Proverb) that in conducting Armies and fighting Battles, *Fools have Fortune.*

As for his Acting in Concert with the Heroick Prince of *Savoy*, who is, without doubt, one of the ablest Generals of the Universe, and chusing of him to be his Friend and Colleague, is one of the strongest Arguments of his Art and Knowledge: Mutual Danger, and mutual Principles of Honour, have entirely united them. In all difficult Points they presently agree, as if what one was Speaking, the other was Thinking of the same Matter at the very same time: And no Person can believe, that Prince *Eugene* would endure that any Person in the World should share with him in his Fame and Glory, unless such an Hero, whom he thinks in all Points to be his Equal. As for the Troops under his Command, 'tis evident to the World, that they excel all others; for the sake of their Countries they are prodigal of their Blood; and under such a General, by their own Confession, when they go to Action, think of nothing else but Victory and Triumph.

But Matters of Fact are the best Arguments. Amongst the great number which might be produc'd, I shall only Instance

these two following; and I am sorry that those People who have not seen Marching or Embatteling Armies cannot be competent Judges of them. Let the first be in the first Campaign, in the first Year of Her Majesty's Reign. We were encamp'd on the Confines of *Brabant*, not far from a little Town call'd *Peer*; the Country round about is almost all great Heaths and large Commons; we were in full March betimes in the Morning, and, by the countenance of our March, 'twas suppos'd we should have a long and a late Fatigue; when, on a sudden, about Eleven a Clock, we had Orders to halt, and to encamp at the bottom of an Heath, behind some rising Grounds and great Sand-Hills, near a Place call'd *Hilteren*; and according to the Time that my Lord Duke had projected, *Mareschal Boufflers*, with his Army, was blunder'd upon us, within Shot of our Cannon, not knowing where we were. At that time we were superior to the *French*, especially in Horse; they could by no means avoid a Battle, the Mareschal was caught: And if the Deputies of the States, and their Generals, could have been perswaded to venture a Battle, in conjunction with the other Allies; and they were entreated enough, almost with Tears, by all the other Princes and
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Generals of the Army, 'tis very probable the *French*, under that great surprize, had been severely beaten. At last they stole away from us in a dark Night, and were glad of the Escape. And thus then you see the great Skill of our General, to entrap the *French* Marechal in his March, in the middle of the Day, and to make him, in a manner, fall into his Arms.

The second Instance is from the Battle of *Ramelies*. A Stratagem well laid argues the great Dexterity and Penetration of a General; in deep hollow Ways, in close Bottoms, and high sides of Woods, Ambuscades are often laid, and, perhaps, as often discovered; but to bring an Ambush upon an Enemy, into the open Country, in the face of the Sun, requires an assured Skill, as well as a daring Courage. Thus 'tis said of the Great *Hannibal*, at the Battle of *Cannæ*, that in the open Field he brought an Ambush on the Backs of the *Romans*, which very much help'd to encrease their Terror and Confusion. And thus did our General, at the foremention'd Battle, but with a better Contrivance.

The *French* King had Intelligence given him, that all the Forces of our Army were not join'd, and accordingly sent positive Orders to his General, not to let slip that

that Opportunity of chastising the Insolence of the Allies, for that was the Expression; and indeed 'twas true, the Allies had been pretty bold with him several times before: and the Marechal doubted not but to have time enough to execute his Master's Commands, before a good Body of Horse, which he understood to be at a great distance, could be able to come up and assist us. The Duke gave a pretty good Guess at the Monsieur's Designs, and before-hand had sent strict Order, that they, without the least delay, should speed immediately towards him, and in the middle of the Night, to halt at a Village where he had appointed, not above two Leagues from his Camp; and after a little Refreshment, and Preparation for Service, must be ready to move at break of Day, upon the first bruit of Cannon: For their resting in that Place, and at such a distance, would be much more to his Advantage than if they had join'd him.

The Business being thus order'd, he was resolv'd the Enemy should not take all the Pains in coming towards him, but to meet them on part of the Way. The *French* Right Wing, in which were their best Troops, oppos'd our Left, and in their vigorous Charge had the better of the Allies:

Allies : The Duke, with the other Generals, rallied them again ; but finding it difficult to sustain the strong Impression of the Enemy, presently gave out, and it took among all the Squadrons in a Moment, That a great number of the best Troops in the World, who were their Friends, were just at their Heels with Sword in hand, ready to sustain them, that no Power of the Enemy could look them in the Face ; which being seen to be true, as well as felt by the Enemy, they were soon repulsed, discourag'd, and put into Confusion, which was the first cause of the general Rout of their Army.

And thus then you see, that our General wants neither Conduct or Courage : And as 'twas once said to that Renown'd Captain *Epaminondas*, who having no Children, and being about to die of his honourable Wounds, that his two Battels of *Leuctra* and *Mantineæ* should be as two fair Daughters to preserve his Memory. So may we say, that the many Battles and Sieges, fought and won by our Great *Marlborough*, in the Provinces of *Gelders*, of *Limbours*, of *Brabant*, of *Flanders*, of *Artois*, of *Hainault*, shall be far excelling the most numerous Progeny to eternize his Name.

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The other false Reports that are spread among the People, by the Enemies of the Duke, are these; That his way of Living in the Army is Mean and Parsimonious, unbecoming the Honour and Dignity of his Post. That the Income and Revenue from the Profits of his Places are too much for a Subject: And that he minds nothing so much as getting of Riches. All which Reports are false and malicious, and only the Designs of his secret Enemies.

Wo be to them that call Evil Good, and Good Evil. Some of this was part of the False Accusation that was urged against *Scipio the Asiatic*, by the Malice and ill Nature of *Cato* and his Accomplices; That he had squandred away the Money of the Government, in a great measure, by his excessive Way of Living; for so his Magnificence was termed by them: That his vast Treats and luxurious Tables had some popular Design. And, to be sure, if our General should offer to live after any such manner, the Nation would be fill'd with perpetual Clamour, that he treated the Officers to make them his Creatures, and in a short time would set up for himself; for, without doubt, those things which other Men might do, tho' much inferior to the Duke, with a general Applause, in him would be Criminal, and of bad-
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In all ancient Histories nothing is more highly prais'd in Princes and great Captains, than Temperance and Moderation in Meat and Drink. The Commander of the Army ought to be vigilant, that (as a good Prince once said) the People committed to his Charge may sleep more safely; and 'tis not to be conceiv'd how such a Person, who is loaded continually with foggy Intemperance, can be Careful, Active, Watchful, Alert, Thoughtful, Foreseeing, being all Qualities necessary for so great a Charge.

His Grace governs his Family abroad like a wise Master, with good Order and Method; every thing about him shines with a temperate Use, and a daily cheerful Plenty, not only for his own Domesticks, but for many others; but then all this is in due time and season: He has no Constitution for an Intemperate Life, and the Loads of it would soon destroy him.

As for his great Profits in the Army, let us take a view of them: There is an Author call'd, *The Examiner*, who has been very diligent in searching into His Grace's Revenue: But I am sure, in his Perquisites belonging to the Army he can be no Judge; the Pay of a Captain General, by the Day, may be known to any

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one, I suppose 'tis set down in the *Present State of England*, as well as Master of the Ordnance, and Colonel of a Regiment of Foot-Guards; these are all his Military Employments, and the Pay of them as much his due, as the Pay of Three Shillings and Six-Pence is to an Ensign. The Earl of *Rumney* had all these Places except Captain-General; he was both a Lieutenant-General and an Ambassador, and enjoy'd them a long time, and yet I never heard of any Man that envied him, or found fault that he had too many Places. And 'tis a common thing for a great Mareschal of *France* to have many more Posts, and of much greater Profits.

Any young Clerk, who belongs to an Agent, can presently show how many Regiments of Horse, Foot, and Dragoons are in the Pay of Her Majesty, under the Duke; and every one there, from a General to a Drummer, what their proper Pay is, nor can they be deceived. The Hospitals and the Artillery are paid accordingly, in an exact Method. The Pay of each particular Body is issued out to the Pay-masters of the Army, from the Pay-Master-General; and the Duke touches not a Farthing but what properly belongs to him. And whereas abundance of People complain, that almost all the Money
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of the Nation was, by the late Lord Treasurer, sent into *Flanders* to pay the Troops there; no matter what became of the other parts of the War. This I know to be true, That the mercenary or hired Forces, which are in our Pay, and are the greatest part of our Army under the Duke, being most of them *Danes, Swiss, Saxons, and Palatines*, all of the *German* kind, will not march one Foot, notwithstanding all the Perswasions that any General can use; no, not to save any King or Prince in the World, unless they are duly paid, at the appointed times, according to their first Agreement: but then, as soon as you shew the *Gheldt*, they presently Shoulder, and Stalk wheresoever you please.

What the Queen is pleas'd to allow the Duke for his Secret Service, because his Eyes and Ears must be in all Secret Cabinets, (and, without doubt, his Intelligence must be very good) it is not fit for me or the *Examiner* to know; or, for ought I can judge, any one else besides in the World.

The Perquisites of Safeguards and Contributions, which in all Times have belong'd to Generals, can't easily be valued, they are according to the Countries in which the War is carried. But for all

these Profits to be ascrib'd to the Duke, (as in several Pamphlets 'tis evident they are) is very unreasonable; because there are two other Chief Generals besides, the Prince of *Savoy* for the Imperialists, and Count *Tilly* for the States, each of which will claim their Parts as well as His Grace; besides the gross of them, which are given to the States themselves: and yet we hear of no Complaint, or Papers printed against them, or in the least envied by any of the Nations under whom they serve.

In short, 'tis all the Reason that a conquering General, who fights our Battels, and must look the Powers of *Europe* in the Face, as he is distinguish'd by Titles of Honour, so where-ever he goes he ought to be attended with Plenty and Riches.

A Sea-Captain, after the Service of Nine or Ten Years, is usually Master of a very great Fortune, he Sails in his Coach with rich Liveries for his Colours, and Steers from his City to his Country-House unenvied, and without unmerciful Remarks. The honest Gentlemen in Town, call'd Agents, most of whom are risen from a mean Condition to be Members of Parliament, Justices of the Peace, and to purchase Estates, where-ever they can find out Land to be dispos'd of, who never
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ventur'd their Lives farther than from the Pay-Office to the Tavern; and yet they make a Figure in the World with a very good Grace, untouch'd, or not mark'd by any Observator.

But this has been the Fortune of the most glorious Persons, to be envied and persecuted whilst they are alive, and when taken away from us by some unlucky Accident, are desir'd too late, and lamented with a Witness.

If we observe, through the whole Nation, either here in this Capital, or in any other Parts of *England*, allowing but for proportion of Merit and Dignity, we shall find more People belonging to Offices of Docks and Yards, to Offices of Stores and Victualling, who have made as good use of the Places in which they serve, and with no greater Fatigue and Danger than Figuring and Writing, as the best and richest General in *Europe*.

When my Lord *Marlborough* had escap'd the Wars, and was return'd to the quiet of the Country, no Word was heard of him in Court or Town, no one talked of his Money, or Riches, or Estate; but no sooner was he again call'd to the High Station in which he now Acts, but Envy had presently found him out, even in the
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midst of Guards and Arms, and ever since has follow'd him close with all sorts of False-Reports, to this very time; as if nothing but his most excellent Qualities, and growing Glory, could make him Unfortunate.

Indeed Generals, tho' the most accomplish'd Heroes, are but Men, they are not Infallible, but may be mistaken as well as other Mortals, they are subject to Faults and Infirmities as well as their Fellow-Creatures; but then their great Services for the good of their Country ought to be cast into the Ballance, against their humane Mistakes; and not only Charity, but Self-consideration should give them very good Quarter, unless their Faults are prov'd to be Wilful and Contumacious.

I know not how it might happen to the Duke if he should chance to Miscarry, or be beaten in a Battle; God be prais'd, as yet he has never been foil'd: but then we must not suppose that he is Invincible, that Fortune will always be confin'd to the Point of his Sword. But this is certain, that the *French* King has not been severe to any of his Great Captains, tho', in their turns, they have been all beaten by the Prince of *Savoy* and the Duke, the Prince taking one of his chief Marshals

chals a Prisoner with him out of the midst of his Garison; the Duke another of them on the Banks of the *Danube*, with the greatest part of the Banners and Trophies of his almost captiv'd Army: there are no Outcries of the Common People for a Sacrifice to the Publick, nor base Reflections made on their Courage or Conduct; because 'tis suppos'd in all those fiery Ordeals of Battles, a General exerts all the Faculties and Powers of Body and Soul; he puts Nature on the stretch. And as my Lord Duke, at the conclusion of the great Battle of *Blenheim* said, I think to his Honour, that he believed he had pray'd more that Day than all the Chaplains of his Army.

Therefore let not People think, that those Gentlemen who are call'd to fight Battles make use of those Employments, in the heat of a bloody War, for Diversion or Pleasure. They who have been Spectators of what they do and what they suffer, will soon be perswaded, that no People under Heaven purchase their Profits and Honours at a dearer rate.

'Tis a great happiness to a Nation to have a generous Race of Warlike People, who, at all times, are ready to venture their Lives in the defence of it. Cowardice

ardice is the highest Scandal to a Country, and exposes it to be a Prey to every Invader, as well as a Scorn to their Neighbours. In all Histories of the World, they who dare die for the sake of their Country, have been esteem'd as a sort of Martyrs: And the People who are protected at Home in their Estates, Ease, Safety, and Liberties, ought not to grudge them of any of their Perquisites; but to bless God for such a gallant number of Martial Brethren, who drive the War at a great distance, so that we see none, we do but hear of it; for 'tis a sad thing to behold the Ravages, the Ruine, the Spoils, the Devastations of those Countries which happen to be the Seats of War.

When the Officers, coming from *Flanders*, after the Campaign, appear in the newest Fashions, which they bring over with them, with a good Ayre and genteel Mien, which is almost common to them, the People, who never saw the Hardships which they undergo, think them only design'd for Pleasure and Ease, and their Profession to be desir'd above any thing in the World besides. They often hear of Fights and Sieges, and of a great many Men kill'd in a few Hours; but because they see not the Actions, the Talk
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leaves but a small and transient Impression, and so in a small time is wip'd off and forgotten. But if they did but see them in a Rainy Season, when the whole Country about them is trod into a Chaos, and in such intolerable Marches, Men and Horses dying and dead together, and the best of them glad of a bundle of Straw to lay down their wet and weary Limbs: If they did but see a Siege, besides the daily danger and expectation of Death, which is common to all, from the General to the Centinel; the Watches, the Labours, the Cares which attend the greatest; the ugly Sight, the Stinks of Mortality, the Grass all wither'd and black with the Smoke of Powder, the horrid Noises all Night and all Day, and Spoil and Destruction on every side; I am sure they would be perswaded, that a State of War, to those who are engag'd in it, must needs be a state of Labour and Misery; and that a great General, I mean such a one as the Duke of *Marlborough*, weak in his Constitution, and well stricken in Years, would not undergo those eating Cares, which must be continually at his Heart; the Toils and Hardships which he must endure, and the often Sorrows which must prick his Heart for ugly Accidents,

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if he has the least Spark of humane Commiseration, I say, he would not engage himself in such a Life, if not for the sake of his Queen and Country, and his Honour.

I come now to add a word or two of the Government of the Forces under his Care. His own Example gives a particular Life to his Orders; and as no indecent Expression, unbecoming, unclean, or unhand-some Language ever drops from his Lips, so he is imitated by the genteel part of his Army: His Camps are like a quiet and well-govern'd City; and, I am apt to believe, much more Mannerly; Cursing and Swearing, and boisterous Words being never heard among those who are accounted good Officers: And, without doubt, his Army is the best Academy in the World to teach a Young Gentleman Wit and Breeding; a Sot and a Drunkard being scorn'd among them.

These poor Wretches, that are (too many of them) the refuse and off-scow-rings of the worst parts of our Nation, after two Campaigns, by the Care of their Officers, and good Order and Discipline, are made Tractable, and Civil, and Orderly,

derly, and Sensible, and Clean, and have an Ayre and a Spirit that is beyond vulgar People.

The Service of GOD, according to the Order of our Church, is strictly enjoin'd by the Duke's special Care ; and in all fixed Camps, every Day, Morning and Evening, there are Prayers ; and on Sundays Sermons are duly perform'd with all Decency and Respect, as well as in Garisons. And, to be sure, the Good-Nature, and Compassion, and Charity of Officers express'd to the poor sick and wounded Soldiers, and to their Families in Garison, is more Liberal, and Generous, and Free, than usually we meet with in our own Country.

And now then I hope my good Country-men will not suffer themselves any longer to be impos'd on by false Reports, which are cunningly spread abroad among them, against a Gentleman, a Patriot, who ventures his Life, every Day, for their Safety, and is endeavouring to the utmost of his Power, under his Most Gracious Sovereign, by his Courage, his Skill, and his Wisdom, to bring the Common Enemy to Reason, and to procure them

and our Allies, an honourable and lasting Peace.

'Tis a thing of ill Consequence to bring a Disreputation on the good Name of a General; and to lessen his Honour is to dispirit his Army: for when the Forces under his Command have once a mean Opinion of the Integrity, and Honour, and Conduct of their General, they may be drawn out and forced to Battle, but never be perswaded to think of Laurels and Victory.

'Tis an old Piece of Policy for an Enemy, if possible, to bring an Odium on the Honour of a General against whom he is to act. Thus did *Hannibal*, who, in his moroding Marches, had spared some Grounds belonging to the Dictator *Fabius*, not out of any respect or kindness to his Person, but to bring him into Envy and Suspicion among the People, at *Rome*; and so 'twas given out by one of the Tribunes, that *Hannibal* and he had, as it were, made a Truce; that the drift of *Fabius* could be nothing else but to prolong the War, that he might be long in Office, and have the sole Government both of City and Armies. And, without

out doubt, the *French* King would have been very well satisfied, if this same Asperſion, which was lately ſpread abroad concerning our General, had taken the effect of having him laid aſide, and put out of his Places. A Finish'd Hero does not grow up every Day, they are ſcarce Plants, and do not thrive in every Soil; He may be eaſily loſt, but then that Loſs cannot eaſily be repair'd; therefore there is great Reason to Value and Eſteem him,

To conclude, As our great Commander is known to the World, or at leaſt to the greateſt part of it, to be Temperate, Sober, Careful, Couragious, Politick, Skilful, ſo he is Courteous, Mild, Affable, Humble, and Condeſcending to People of the meaneſt Condition. And as 'tis ſaid of *Moses*, the Great, the Valiant Captain-General of Almighty God, for an immortal Title of Honour, that he was one of the meekeſt Men upon the Earth; ſo, without doubt, our Captain-General, *John* Duke of *Marlborough*, has a great ſhare of it.

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